

G.SCHIRMER'S OCTAVO CHORUSES FOR MEN'S VOICES

NO.	PRICE NET.		
101.	75	— — — —	TWELVE FAVORITE IRISH SONGS
102.	10	— — — — KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN
103.	6	— — — — OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT
104.	10	— — — — TERENCE'S FAREWELL TO KATHLEEN
105.	6	— — — — THE MINSTREL BOY
106.	6	— — — — KATE KEARNEY
107.	10	— — — — The same singly HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED
108.	10	— — — — SHULE AGRA
109.	10	— — — — THE CRUISKEEN LAWN
110.	10	— — — — SAVOURNEEN DEELISH
111.	10	— — — — THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME
112.	6	— — — — THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS
113.	10	— — — — THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN
114.	75	— — — —	TWELVE FAVORITE SCOTCH SONGS
115.	12	— — — — Harmonized by Max Vogrich
116.	10	— — — — AULD ROBIN GRAY
117.	10	— — — — MARY MORISON
118.	6	— — — — A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN
119.	10	— — — — MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE
120.	6	— — — — The same singly JOCK O' HAZELDEAN
121.	10	— — — — JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO
122.	6	— — — — LOGIE O' BUCHAN
123.	10	— — — — COMIN' THRO' THE RYE
124.	10	— — — — AULD LANG SYNE
125.	15	— — — — AFTON WATER
126.	10	— — — — KELVIN GROVE
127.	75	— — — —	TWELVE OLD ENGLISH SONGS
128.	10	— — — — Harmonized by Max Vogrich
129.	15	— — — — THE THREE RAVENS
130.	10	— — — — THE VICAR OF BRAY
131.	10	— — — — HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN
132.	6	— — — — HEARTS OF OAK
133.	12	— — — — The same singly DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES
134.	10	— — — — BLACK-EYED SUSAN
135.	10	— — — — TOM BOWLING
136.	10	— — — — SHADES OF EVENING
137.	10	— — — — THE THORN
138.	10	— — — — THE BAY OF BISCAY
139.	10	— — — — SALLY IN OUR ALLEY
140.	10	— — — — THE ARETHUSA
141.	20	— — — — THE FIRST SONG
142.	15	— — — — THE LARKS
143.	20	— — — — IT WAS NOT SO TO BE
144.	20	— — — — NIGHT IN THE FOREST
145.	10	— — — — O LORD OUR GOD! HYMN
146.	10	— — — — SEA AND HEART
147.	12	— — — — WHEN HEARTS ARE TORN ASUNDER
148.	10	— — — — THE WILD ROSE
149.	10	— — — — THE MOTHER'S HEART
150.	10	— — — — OH! THOU WHO ART THE WORLD TO ME
		 BURIAL SONG

When ordering, state: Octavo Choruses for Men's Voices, and Number only.


**G.SCHIRMER
NEW-YORK**


Kathleen Mavourneen.

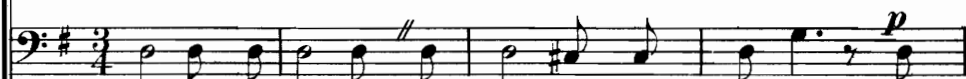
F. N. CROUCH.


Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

Andante espressivo.

TENOR I.  *p*
 1. Kathleen Ma-vourneen! the grey dawn is breaking, The
 2. Kathleen Ma-vourneen! A - wake from thy slumbers, The

TENOR II.  *p*

BASS I.  *p*
 1. Kathleen Ma-vourneen! the grey dawn is breaking, The
 2. Kathleen Ma-vourneen! A - wake from thy slumbers, The


BASS II.  *p*

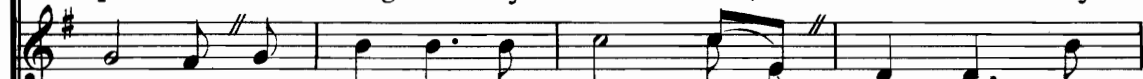

 horn of the hunt-er is heard on the hill, The lark from her
 blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light, Ah! where is the



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 blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light, Ah! where is the



 horn of the hunt-er is heard on the hill, The lark from her
 blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light, Ah! where is the


 horn of the hunt-er is heard on the hill, The lark from her
 blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light, Ah! where is the


 light wing the brightdew is shak - ing Kath - leen Ma -
 spell that once hung on thy num - bers A - rise in thy


 light wing the brightdew is shak - ing Kath - leen Ma -
 spell that once hung on thy num - bers A - rise in thy


 light wing the brightdew is shak - ing Kath - leen Ma -
 spell that once hung on thy num - bers A - rise in thy


 light wing the brightdew is shak - ing Kath - leen Ma -
 spell that once hung on thy num - bers A - rise in thy

vour - neen! What, slum - b'ring - still? Oh! hast thou for -
beau - ty thou star of my night. Ma - vour - neen, Ma -

got - ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh! hast thou for -
vour - neen, my sad tears are fall - ing, To think that from

got - ten this day we must part. It may be for years, and it
E - rin and thee I must part. It may be for years, and it

may be for ev-er, Oh!_ why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my
 may be for ev-er, Then why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my

heart. It may— be for years and it may be for
 heart. It may— be for years and it may be for

ev-er, Then why— art thou si-lent, Kathleen Ma - vour - neen.
 ev-er, Then why art thou si-lent, Kathleen Ma - vour - neen.

Oft in the stilly night.

(Thomas Moore.)

Andante.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I



1. Oft in the stil-ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
2. When I re - member all The friends so link'd to - geth - er,

TENOR II



BASS I



1. Oft in the stil-ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
2. When I re - member all The friends so link'd to - geth - er,

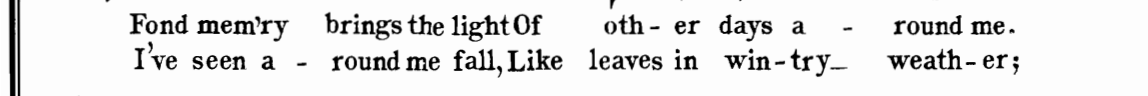
BASS II



Fond mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me. The
I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - try - weath - er; I



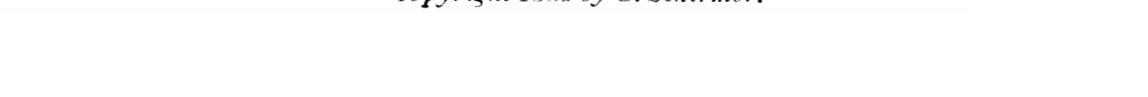
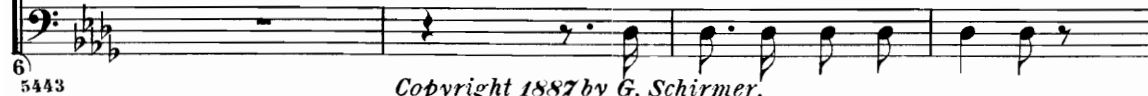
Fond mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.
I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - try - weath - er;



smiles, the tears of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo - ken, The
feel like one who treads a - lone Some ban-quet hall de - sert-ed, Whose



The words of love then spo - ken,
Some ban-quet hall de - sert-ed,



eyes that shone now dimm'd and gone, The cheer-ful hearts now bro - ken!
lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And all but he de - part - ed!

The cheer-ful hearts now bro - ken!
And all but he de - part - ed!

pp
1 & 2. Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

pp
1 & 2. Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

pp
1 & 2. Thus in the - stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

pp
1 & 2. Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

poco cresc. *rit.*
Sad mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

poco cresc. *rit.*
Sad mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

poco cresc. *rit.*
Sad mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

poco cresc. *rit.*
Sad mem'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me. 7

The Minstrel boy.

(Thomas Moore.)

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

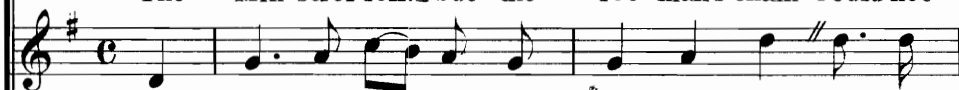
Allegro spirituos.

TENOR I.



The Min-strel-boy_ to the war is gone, In the
The Min-strel fell!_ but the foe-man's chain Could not

TENOR II.

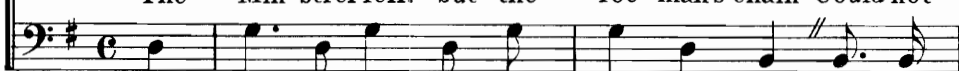


BASS I.

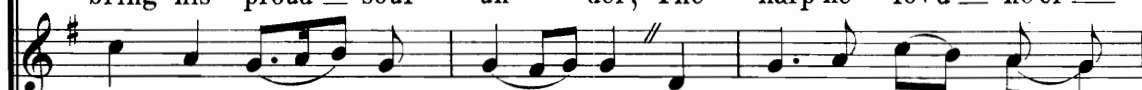


The Min-strel-boy to the war is gone, In the
The Min-strel fell! but the foe-man's chain Could not

BASS II.



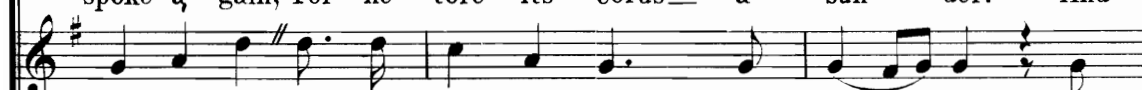
ranks of death_ you'll find_ him; His fa-ther's sword_ he has
bring his proud_ soul un - der; The harp he lov'd_ ne'er_



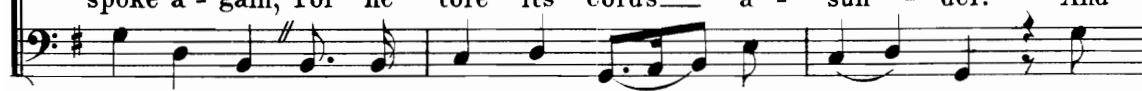
ranks of death you'll find_ him; His fa-ther's sword he has
bring his proud soul un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er



gird-ed on And his wild harp slung_ be - hind_ him.
spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords_ a - sun - der. And



gird-ed on And his wild harp slung_ be - hind him.
spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords_ a - sun - der. And



"Land of Song!" said the war - rior - bard, "Tho'
said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou

più largo.
all the world be - trays - thee, One sword at least - thy -
soul of love and bra - ver - y Thy songs were made - for the
più largo.

allarg. molto.
rights shall guard, One - faith-ful harp - shall praise - thee.
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound - in slav - er - y!"
allarg. molto.

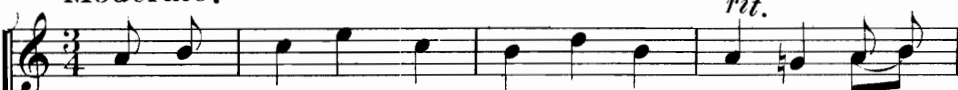
Terence's Farewell to Kathleen.

(Lady Dufferin.)

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

Moderato.

TENORI.

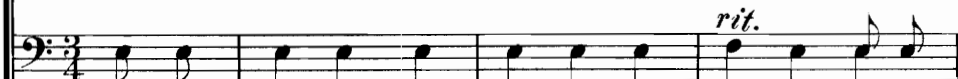


1. So my Kathleen! you're go - in' to lave me all a -
2. Och! them Eng-lish, de - cav-ers by na - ture! Tho'

TENOR II.

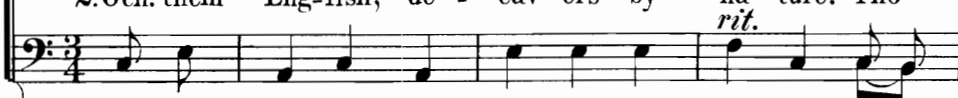


BASS I.



1. So my Kathleen! you're go - in' to lave me all a -
2. Och! them Eng-lish, de - cav-ers by na - ture! Tho'

BASS II.



lone by my - self in this place! But I'm sure that you'll
may be you'd think them sin - cere, They'll say you're a



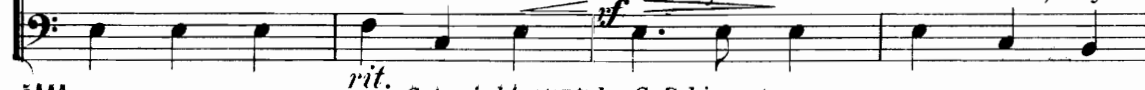
lone by my - self in this place! But I'm sure that you'll
may be you'd think them sin - cere, They'll say you're a



nev - er de - cave me, Oh no! if there's truth in that
sweet charm - in' crea - ture But don't you be - lave them, my



nev - er de - cave me, Oh no! if there's truth in that
sweet charm - in' crea - ture But don't you be - lave them, my



face! Tho' Eng - land's a beau - ti - ful coun - try, full of
 dear! No Kath - leen a - grah! don't be mind - in The —

face! Tho' Eng - land's a beau - ti - ful coun - try, full of
 dear! No Kath - leen a - grah! don't be mind - in The —

il - i - gant — Boys, och! what then? You would - n't for -
 flat - ter - in' — speech - es they'll make, Just tell them a

il - i - gant Boys, och! what then? You would - n't for -
 flat - ter - in' speech - es they'll make, Just tell them a

get your poor Terence, You'll come back to ould Ire - land a - gain.
 poor boy in Ire - land Is — break - in' his heart for your sake.

get your poor Terence, You'll come back to ould Ire - land a - gain.
 poor boy in Ire - land Is — break - in' his heart for your sake.

rit. a tempo.

3. It's a fol - ly to keep you from go - in' Tho' —
 4. Eh — now where's the need of this hur - ry! Don't —

rit. a tempo.

3. It's a fol - ly to keep you from go - in' Tho' —
 4. Eh — now where's the need of this hur - ry! Don't —

faith its a might - y hard case; For — Kath - leen! you
 flus - ter me so in this way! I've for - got 'twixt the

faith its a might - y hard case; For — Kath - leen! you
 flus - ter me so in this way! I've for - got 'twixt the

rit. a tempo. rf

know there's no know-in' When next I may see your sweet
 grief and the flur - ry Ev - 'ry word I was man - in' to

rit. rf

know there's no know-in' When next I may see your sweet
 grief and the flur - ry Ev - 'ry word I was man - in' to

f

face! And when — you come back to me Kath-leen! none the
say! Now just wait — a — min - ute, I bid ye, Can I

f

face! And when you come back to me Kath-leen! none the
say! Now just wait a — min - ute, I bid ye, Can I

f

p

bet - ter shall — I be off then, You'll be spak - in' sich
talk — if you both - er me so? Och! Kath - leen, my

p

bet - ter shall I be off then, You'll be spak - in' sich
talk — if you both - er me so? Och! Kath - leen, my

p

ritard.

beau - ti - ful English, Sure I won't know my Kathleen a - gen.
bless-in' go wid ye Ev - 'ry inch of the way that you go.

ritard.

beau - ti - ful English, Sure I won't know my Kathleen a - gen.
bless-in' go wid ye Ev - 'ry inch of the way that you go.

ritard.

Kate Kearney.

(Lady Morgan.)

Allegretto.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I.

1. Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?— She
2. For that eye is so mod-est-ly beaming,— You

TENOR II.

BASS I.

1. Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?— She
2. For that eye is so mod-est-ly beaming,— You

BASS II.

lives on the banks of — Kil - lar - ney;— From the glance of her eye, Shun
ne'er think of mis - chief — she's dreaming;— Yet, oh! I can tell How

lives on the banks of — Kil - lar - ney;— From the glance of her eye, Shun
ne'er think of mis - chief — she's dreaming;— Yet, oh! I can tell How

dan - ger and fly, For — fa - tal's the glance of Kate Kear - ney.
fa - tal the spell That — lurks in the eyes of Kate Kear - ney.

dan - ger and fly, For — fa - tal's the glance of Kate Kear - ney.
fa - tal the spell That — lurks in the eyes of Kate Kear - ney.

3. Oh! should you e'er meet this Kate Kear-ney, — Who
 4. Tho' she looks so be - witch - ing - ly sim - ple, — Yet

p
 lives on the banks of Kil - lar - ney, — Be - ware of her smile, For
 there's mischief in — ev - 'ry dim - ple; — And who dares in - hale, Her

p

p

p

man - y a wile Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kear - ney.
 sighs' spic - y gale, Must die by the breath of Kate Kear - ney.

SHULE AGRA.

(Thomas Moore.)

Moderato.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I.

1. Oft I roam my gar - den bow'rs, To gaze up - on the
2. am not now the bloom - ing maid, That us'd to love the

TENOR II.

BASS I.

1. Oft I roam my gar - den bow'rs, To gaze up - on the
2. am not now the bloom - ing maid, That us'd to love the

BASS II.

fad - ed flow'rs And think them like past hap - py hours, That
val - ley's shade, My youth, my hopes, are all de - cay'd, And

fad - ed flow'rs And think them like past hap - py hours, That
val - ley's shade, My youth, my hopes, are all de - cay'd, And

fled like sum - mer's bloom; Shule, shule, shule a - gra,
ev - 'ry friend is fled. Shule, shule, shule a - gra,

fled like sum - mer's bloom; Shule, shule, shule a - gra,
ev - 'ry friend is fled. Shule, shule, shule a - gra,

pp

Dreams of joy — are — sor-row now.
 Peace why hast thou sigh'd fare well. 1 & 2. The lad — of my heart from —

Dreams of joy are sor-row now.
 Peace why hast thou sigh'd fare well. 1 & 2. The lad of my heart from —

home — is — gone, Ca — thu — theen, ca — thu — theen — slaune. 2. I
 3. In

home — is — gone, Ca — thu — theen, ca — thu — theen slaune. —

home is gone, Ca — thu — theen, ca — thu — theen — slaune. 2. I
 3. In

home is gone, Ca — thu — theen, ca — thu — theen slaune. —

oth-er climes he's gone — to find, A lass more pleas-ing —

oth-er climes he's gone to find, A lass more pleas-ing

oth-er climes he's gone — to find, A lass more pleas-ing

5448 oth-er climes he's gone to find, A lass more pleas-ing

to his mind, But ah! the one he's left be - hind, Will
 to his mind, But ah! the one he's left be - hind, Will
 to his mind, But ah! the one he's left be - hind, Will
 to his mind, But ah! the one he's left be - hind, Will

love him best of all. — Shule, shule, shule a-gra
 love him best of all. — Shule, shule, shule a-gra,
 love him best of all. — Shule, shule, shule a-gra,
 love him best of all. — Shule, shule, shule a-gra,

Time can on - ly bring me woe; The lad of my heart from
 Time can on - ly bring me woe; The lad of my heart from
 Time can on - ly bring me woe; The lad of my heart from
 Time can on - ly bring me woe; The lad of my heart from

home is gone, Ca - thu - theen, ca - thu - theen slaune.
 home is gone, Ca - thu - theen, ca - thu - theen slaune.
 home is gone, Ca - thu - theen, ca - thu - theen slaune.
 home is gone, Ca - thu - theen, ca - thu - theen slaune.

The Cruiskeen Lawn.

OLD MELODY.

Allegro energetico.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I.



1 Let the farmer praise his grounds, Let the huntsman praise his hounds, And the
2 Im - mortal and di - vine, Great Bac - chus, God of wine, Cre -

TENOR II.

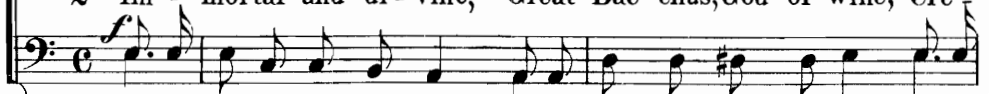


BASS I.



1 Let the farmer praise his grounds, Let the huntsman praise his hounds, And the
2 Im - mortal and di - vine, Great Bac - chus, God of wine, Cre -

BASS II.



shep - herd his sweet-scented lawn; But I, more blest than they, Spend each
ate me by a - dop - tion your son, In hope that you'll com-ply, That my

shep - herd his sweet-scented lawn; But I, more blest than they, Spend each
ate me by a - dop - tion your son, In hope that you'll com-ply, That my

hap - py night and day With my charm - ing lit - tle cruiss - keen
glass shall ne'er run dry, Nor my smil - ing lit - tle cruiss - keen

hap - py night and day With my charm - ing lit - tle cruiss - keen
glass shall ne'er run dry, Nor my smil - ing lit - tle cruiss - keen

lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil - ing lit - tle cruise-keen lawn."

lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil - ing lit - tle cruise-keen lawn."

lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil - ing lit - tle cruise-keen lawn."

lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil - ing lit - tle cruise-keen lawn."

Gra - ma - chree ma cruise - keen, Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen,

Gra - ma - chree ma cruise - keen, Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen,

Gra - ma - chree ma cruise - keen, Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen,

Gra - ma - chree ma cruise - keen, Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen,

Gra-ma-chree a cool - in bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gramachree a cool-in bawn.

Gra-ma-chree a cool - in bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gramachree a cool-in bawn.

Gra-ma-chree a cool - in bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gramachree a cool-in bawn.

Gra-ma-chree a cool - in bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Gramachree a cool-in bawn.

f And when grim death appears, In a few but pleasant years, To

f And when grim death appears, In a few but pleasant years, To

f And when grim death appears, In a few but pleasant years, To

f And when grim death appears, In a few but pleasant years, To

tell me that my glass has— run, I'll say, "Begone you knave, For great

tell me that my glass has— run, I'll say, "Begone you knave, For great

tell me that my glass has run, I'll say, "Begone you knave, For great

tell me that my glass has run, I'll say, "Begone you knave, For great

Bac-chus gave me leave To— take an - oth - er cru - is - keen

Bac-chus gave me leave To— take an - oth - er cru - is - keen

Bac-chus gave me leave To take an - oth - er cru - is - keen

Bac-chus gave me leave To— take an - oth - er cru - is - keen—

lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil - ing lit - tle cruise-keen lawn!"

lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil - ing lit - tle cruise-keen lawn!"

lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil - ing lit - tle cruise-keen lawn!"

lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh! my smil - ing lit - tle cruise-keen lawn!"

Gra - ma - chree ma cruise - keen, Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen,

Gra - ma - chree ma cruise - keen, Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen,

Gra - ma - chree ma cruise - keen, Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen,

Gra - ma - chree ma cruise - keen, Slain - te geal ma - vour - neen,

Gramachree a cool-in - bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Grama-chree a cool-in bawn.

Gramachree a cool-in bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Grama-chree a cool-in bawn.

Gramachree a cool-in bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Grama-chree a cool-in bawn.

Gramachree a cool-in bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh! Grama-chree a cool-in bawn.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin.

(Thomas Moore.)

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

Andante espressivo.

TENOR I.



1. Tho' the last glimpse of E-rin with sor-row I

2. To the gloom of some desert, or cold rock-y

TENOR II.



BASS I.



1. Tho' the last glimpse of E-rin with sor-row I

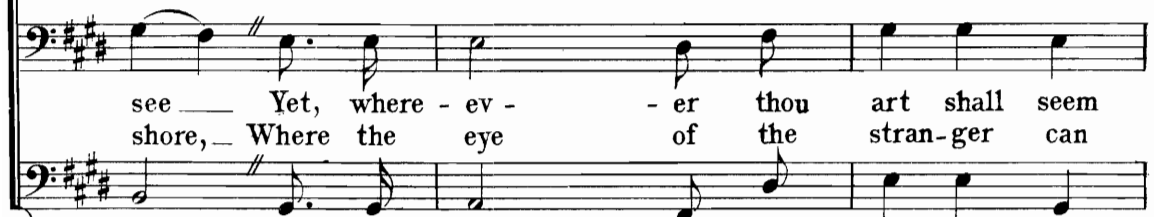
2. To the gloom of some desert, or cold rock-y

BASS II.



see Yet, where - ev - er thou art shall seem

shore, Where the eye of the stran-ger can



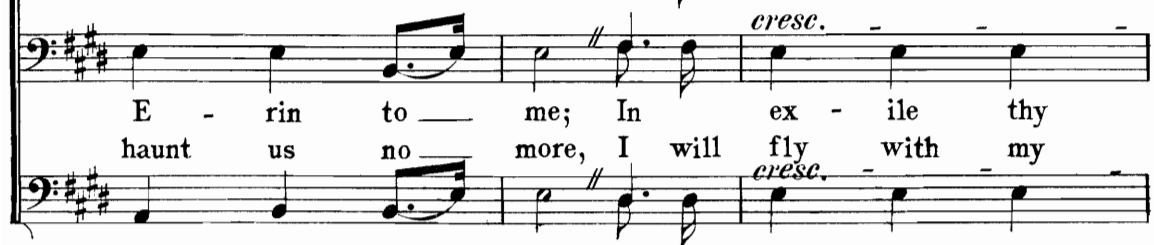
see Yet, where - ev - er of thou art shall seem

shore, Where the eye of the stran-ger can



E-rin to me; In ex-ile thy

haunt us no more, I will fly with my



E-rin to me; In ex-ile thy

haunt us no more, I will fly with my

più lento.

f *pp*

bo - som - shall - still - be - my - home, - And thine
 cou - lin - and - think - the - rough - wind, - Less -

bo - som shall - still be my - home, And thine
 cou - lin and - think the rough - wind, Less -

3

eyes - make my cli - mate Where - ev - - er we - roam.
 rude - than the - foes we leave frown - ing be - hind.

eyes make my cli - mate Where - ev - - er we - roam.
 rude than the foes we leave frown - ing be - hind.

3

3. And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as grace - ful it -

3. And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as grace - ful it

3. And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as grace - ful it -

24 3. And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as grace - ful it

wreathes, And hang o'er thy soft harp, as

wild - ly it breathes; Nor dread that the

cold - heart - ed Sax - on will tear One


chord from that harp or one lock from that hair.

Savourneen Deelish.


(George Colman, the younger.)


Larghetto.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

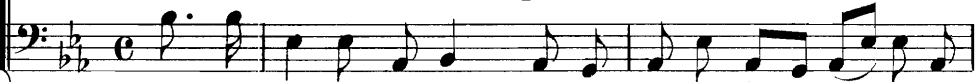
TENOR I. 


1. Oh! the moment was sad _ when my love and I _ parted, Sa-
2. When the word of command _ put our men in - to _ motion, Sa-

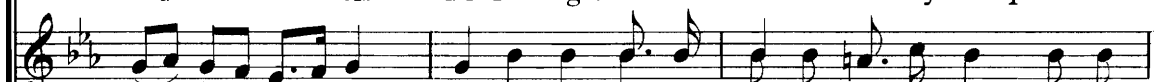
TENOR II. 


BASS I. 


1. Oh! the moment was sad when my love and I part ed, Sa-
2. When the word of command put our men in - to motion, Sa-


BASS II. 



vour - neen Dee - lish _ Ei - leen oge! As I kiss'd off her tears _ I was
vour - neen Dee - lish _ Ei - leen oge! I buck - led on my knapsack to



vour - neen Dee - lish Ei - leen oge! As I kiss'd off her tears I was
vour - neen Dee - lish Ei - leen oge! I buck - led on my knapsack to



vour - neen Dee - lish Ei - leen oge! As I kiss'd off her tears I was
vour - neen Dee - lish Ei - leen oge! I buck - led on my knapsack to




nigh bro - ken - heart - ed, Sa - vour - neen Dee - lish _ Ei - leen oge!
cross the wide o - cean, Sa - vour - neen Dee - lish _ Ei - leen oge!


nigh bro - ken - heart - ed, Sa - vour - neen Dee - lish Ei - leen oge!
cross the wide o - cean, Sa - vour - neen Dee - lish Ei - leen oge!


nigh bro - ken - heart - ed, Sa - vour - neen Dee - lish Ei - leen oge!
cross the wide o - cean, Sa - vour - neen Dee - lish Ei - leen oge!



f

Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoul- der, Damp was her hand no —
 Brisk were our troops, all roar-ing like thun - der Pleas'd with the voy-age im-

f

Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoul - der, Damp was her hand no —
 Brisk were our troops, all roar-ing like thun - der Pleas'd with the voy-age im-

f

pp

mar - ble was cold - er; I felt that a - gain I should
 pa - tient for - plun - der, My bo - som with grief was —

pp

mar - ble was cold - er; I felt that a - gain I should
 pa - tient for - plun - der, My bo - som with grief was —

pp

allarg.

nev - er be - hold her, Sa - vour - neen - Dee - lish Ei - leen oge!
 al - most torn a - sun - der, Sa - vour - neen - Dee - lish Ei - leen oge!

allarg.

nev - er be - hold her, Sa vour - neen - Dee - lish Ei - leen oge!
 al - most torn a - sun - der, Sa - vour - neen - Dee - lish Ei - leen oge!

Ossia.

allarg.

Long I fought for my coun - try, far, far from my true love, Sa -

Long I fought for my coun - try, far, far from my true love, Sa -

Long I fought for my coun - try, far, far from my true love, Sa -

Long I fought for my coun - try, far, far from my true love, Sa -

vour - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge! All my pay and my boot - y I

vour - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge! All my pay and my boot - y I

vour - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge! All my pay and my boot - y I

vour - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge! All my pay and my boot - y I

hoard - ed for you love, Sa - your - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge!

hoard - ed for you love, Sa - your - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge!

hoard - ed for you love, Sa - your - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge!

hoard - ed for you love, Sa - your - neen Dee - lish, Ei - leen oge!

f
Peace was proclaim'd, es - cap'd from the slaughter, Land - ed at home, my —

f
Peace was proclaim'd, es - cap'd from the slaughter, Land - ed at home, my

f
Peace was proclaim'd, es - cap'd from the slaughter, Land - ed at home, my —

f
Peace was proclaim'd, es - cap'd from the slaughter, — Land - ed at home, my —

pp
sweet girl I — sought her; But sor - row, a - las! to the

pp
sweet girl I sought her; But sor - row, a - las! to the

pp
sweet girl I sought her; But sor - row, a - las! to the

pp
sweet girl I — sought her; But sor - row, a - las! to the

allarg.
cold grave had brought her, Sa - vour - neen - Dee - lish — Ei - leen oge!

allarg.
cold grave had brought her, Sa - vour - neen - Dee - lish Ei - leen oge!

allarg.
cold grave had brought her, Sa - vour - neen Dee - lish Ei - leen oge!

Ossiu.
allarg.
cold grave had brought her, Sa - vour - neen Dee - lish Ei - leen oge!

The Girl I left behind me.

Allegretto.
p leggiero.

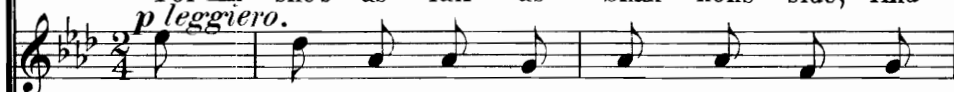
Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I.



The — dames of France are fond and free, And
For — she's as fair as Shan - non's side, And

TENOR II.



p leggiero.

BASS I.



The — dames of France are fond and free, And
For — she's as fair as Shan - non's side, And

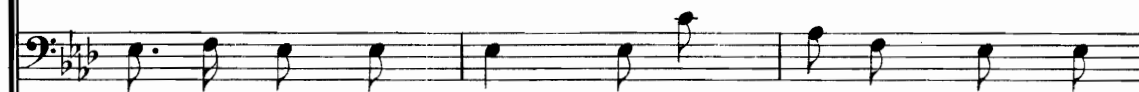
BASS II.



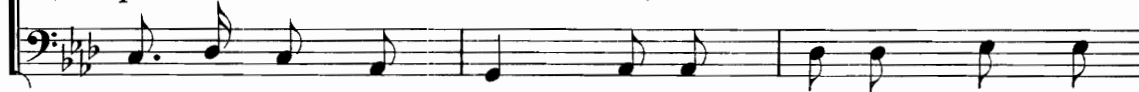
p leggiero.



Flem-ish lips — are — will - ing, And — soft the — maids of
pur - er than — its — wa - ter, But — she re - fus'd to



Flem-ish lips are will - ing, And soft the maids of
pur - er than its wa - ter, But she re - fus'd to



It - a - ly And Span - ish eyes are — thrill - ing; Still, —
be my bride, Though man - y a year I — sought her; Yet, —



It - a - ly And Span - ish eyes are — thrill - ing; Still,
be my bride, Though man - y a year I — sought her; Yet,



though I bask be - neath their smile Their charms— fail to
since to France I sail'd a - way, Her— let - ters oft re -

bind me, And my heart falls— back to
mind me, That I prom - is'd nev - er

E - rin's Isle, To the girl I left be - - hind me.
to gain - say, The— girl I left be - - hind me.

p leggiero.

3. She — says, My own dear love, come home, My
4. For — nev - er shall my true love brave A

p leggiero.

3. She says, My own dear love, come home, My
4. For nev - er shall my true love brave A

p leggiero.

friends are rich — and — man - y, Or else a - broad with
life of war — and — toil - ing, And nev - er — as a

friends are rich and man - y, Or else a - broad with
life of war and toil - ing, And nev er as a

you I'll roam A sol - dier stout as — an - y; If —
shulk-ing slave I'll tread my na - tive — soil on; But —

you I'll roam A sol - dier stout as — an - y; If
shulk-ing slave I'll tread my na - tive — soil on; But

you'll not come, nor let me go, I'll — think you have re -
 were it free, or to be freed, The — bat - tle's close would

sign'd me," My — heart nigh — broke when I
 find me, To — Ire - land — bound nor

an-swer'd "No," To the Girl I left be - - hind me.
 mes - sage need From the Girl I left be - - hind me.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded.

(Thomas Moore.)

Andantino.

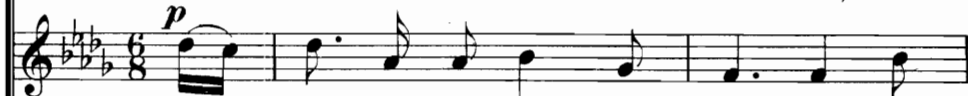
Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I.



Has_ sor row thy young days shad - ed, As
Has_ Love to that soul so ten - der, Been

TENOR II.



BASS I.



Has_ sor row thy young days shad - ed, As
Has_ Love to that soul so ten - der, Been

BASS II.



clouds o'er the morn-ing fleet?— Too fast have those young days
like our La - ge - nian mine,— Where spar - kles of gold - en

clouds o'er the morn-ing fleet?— Too fast have those young days
like our La - ge - nian mine,— Where spar - kles of gold - en

fad - ed, That e - ven in sor - row were
splen - dor All o - ver the sur - face—

fad - ed, That e - ven in sor - row were
splen - dor All o - ver the sur - face—

sweet?_ Does time with his cold_ wing with - er Each
shine?_ But if in pur-suit we go deep - er, Al -

feel-ing that once was dear?_ Then_ child of mis-for-tune come
lur'd by the gleam that shone;- Ah!_ false as the dream of the

hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear_ for tear._
sleep - er, Like Love, the bright ore_ is gone._

3. Has — Hope, like the bird in the sto - ry, That
 4. If — thus the young hours have fleet - ed, When

3. Has — Hope, like the bird in the sto - ry, That
 4. If — thus the young hours have fleet - ed, When

flit - ted from tree to tree, — With the tal - is - man's glittering
 sor - row it - self look'd bright; — If — thus the fair hope hath

flit - ted from tree to tree, — With the tal - is - man's glittering
 sor - row it - self look'd bright; — If — thus the fair hope hath

glo - ry, Has Hope been that bird — to
 cheat - ed, That led thee a - long — so

glo - ry, Has Hope been that bird — to
 cheat - ed, That led thee a - long — so

thee?— On branch af - ter branch a - light - ing, The
light,— If thus the cold world now with - er Each

gem did she still dis - play:— And when near - est and most in -
feel - ing that once was dear:— Come, child of mis - for - tune, come

vit - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - way?—
hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.—

The Harp that once thro' Tara's halls.

(Thomas Moore.)

Andante.

Harmonized by MAX VOGRICH.

TENOR I. 1. The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls, The soul of mu-sic

TENOR II. 1. The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls, The soul of mu-sic

BASS I. 1. The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls, The soul of mu-sic

BASS II. 1. The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls, The soul of mu-sic

shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls, as if that soul were fled; So *ff*

shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls, as if that soul were fled; So *ff*

shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls, as if that soul were fled; So *ff*

shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls, as if that soul were fled; So *ff*

sleeps the pride of — former days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And

sleeps the pride of former days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And

sleeps the pride of former days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And

sleeps the pride of former days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And

hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more. —

hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more. —

hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more. —

hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more. —

2.No more to chiefs and la-dies bright, The harp of Ta-ra swells: The

chord a-lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru-in tells. Thus

free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on-ly throb she gives, Is

when some heart in - dig-nant breaks, To show that still it lives._

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